

marched out of Hanoi there were not less than 100, or five killed or disabled. Among those killed were the following officers:

Commandant-in-Chief Rivière.
Commandant de Villars.
Captain Taquin.
Lieutenant de Brésis.
Ensign de Molin.

Five or six other officers were more or less severely wounded, from sixteen to twenty soldiers were killed on the spot, and from 40 to 50 more were wounded, of whom three died shortly after reaching Hanoi. Commandant de Villars lingered for some six hours after reaching Hanoi.

Commandant Rivière was killed whilst endeavouring, with several of his officers to recover one of the guns a Hochkiss, which it appears had been deserted by the soldiers. The attempt succeeded, but unhappily cost the gallant officer his life. Commandant Rivière was like a true hero, the last to stir up the retreat, and fell like a gallant soldier.

The whole affair has been a very serious disaster, more especially because it has been a blow to French prestige which it will require several victories to efface. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the French officers have covered themselves with glory; they fought like men, and fell like heroes. They could do no more. About their conduct there is but one opinion here.

It seems that several wounded French soldiers fell alive into the hands of the Black Flag band, and what fate must have been in store for them following the too true story.

Three days before the engagement just recorded, the French Mission just outside Hanoi was attacked at nine o'clock in the evening by a force of a company. The Missionaries, aided by five men-of-war's men, made a beautiful stand and succeeded in repelling the enemy. The latter, to revenge their failure, then attacked the houses on the missionary compound surrounding the Mission station itself, and cut off the nose and ears, and pierced the eyes of all the unfortunate Catholic women and children that were left in them. All this happened within twenty minutes' walk of the French Concession at Hanoi.

Hanoi at this date presents a truly deserted and miserable appearance. The district surrounding the Concessions, consisting of European, Chinese, and Annamite houses, has been partly burned down, partly blown up by mines, in order to give full play and room for the guns on board the man-of-war. Of all the inhabitants of Hanoi there are scarcely 2,000 now in town, and it is impossible to get any provisions, even eggs, and fruits being unobtainable.

Reinforcements are seriously and anxiously looked for, and I hope they will soon arrive. I think 20,000 men will be necessary now to effectively occupy the country. It is more folly to send small detachments and thus prolong the struggle indefinitely.

SUPREME COURT.

31st May.

ORIGINAL JURISDICTION.

BEFORE THE HON. SIR GEORGE PHILIPPO, CHIEF JUSTICE.

GLENNISON & CO., V. BROWN & CO. The Attorney-General (Hon. E. L. O'Malley), instructed by Messrs. Berthon, Wotton, and Deacon, appeared for the plaintiffs. The defendant did not appear. Mr. Denys, who had acted as counsel for the defendant, admitted that he had received no fee, but said he had no instructions to appear.

A reference having been made to the Registrar, Mr. Ackroyd presented his case as follows:—"By a charter party, dated the 5th May, 1882, entered into between Messrs. Glennison & Co., plaintiffs, and the steamship Triumph, and Mr. Loeng Atai, of Hongkong, the defendant, after the said steamship Triumph had been chartered for the term of one hundred months with the option to the charterer of renewing the charter for a further period of three months. Among other things it was agreed that art. 9, 'sufficient funds for ordinary ship's disbursements were to be advanced to the captain at the different ports,' and art. 14, 'that the charterer provides and pays for all costs, including ballast, portage, and insurance, portage dues, stevedores, &c., plus \$1,000 a month for the use and hire of the said vessel.' The said steamship was duly hired and employed by the said defendant from the 5th May to the 10th October, 1882. The said defendant did not having paid the whole of the said charter money, and having failed to pay certain expenses, and other costs, he was bound to do under clause 14 of the charter party, which was entered against him, the said defendant, for the sum of \$19,288.33, balance of an account for the 6th day of February last; the master was referred to me to certify what sum may be due from the defendant to the plaintiffs. The chief items for charges and disbursements consist of:—

Bill for coal at HKD. \$100.00
Dishonored bills at HKD. \$1,000.00
Damage to cargo through insufficient of deck. \$2,625.52
Discount and Commission Draft. \$48.72
Total. \$8,040.77

The other items in the account are small sums paid for pilotage, port charges, to crew for extra work, to customhouse charges and the other usual port dues. The sum of \$8,265.52 paid by the captain for damage to the cargo has been reduced to \$8,040.77 and the item of \$562.72 ought to be \$562.50. After hearing Mr. Sibley, one of the partners of the firm of Messrs. Sibley & Co., and Captain Goulet of the steamship Triumph, and the solicitors for the plaintiffs, and considering the evidence of the captain, and reading the vouchers and documents produced, and Mr. Denys stating that he no longer objects to the sum of \$1,000 for presents to officials at San Francisco, it is felt that the other items are duly proved, and that the said defendant is liable to the said plaintiffs in the sum of \$8,040.77, which sum I do hereby certify to this honourable Court."

His Lordship gave judgment for the plaintiffs for the amount certified as due.

POLICE COURT.

31st May.

BEFORE CAPT. H. G. THOMSETT, R.N.

LAUNCHES. Mob Amin, a native employed at the Aberdeen Dock, was charged with the theft of some copper nails from the ship *Corbridge*, now under repair there, on the 29th ult.

The defendant said the nails stuck to his hat as he was at work, but he was nevertheless sentenced to a month's hard labour.

Kwan Amin, a coolie, was brought up on a charge of stealing two boxes containing money and clothes from a small box. He called for help and the man was arrested, and it was then found that he had removed the boxes to another part so as to be ready to carry off. The man had evidently got into the house by means of a window from an adjoining hard labour.

RETRIVIA. OASES.

Chun Ayan, a native, was convicted of bringing about a plot of prepared opium into the country by the Macao steamer on Wednesday afternoon, and he was fined \$1, and his opium forfeited.

GAMBLING. Eight coolies were brought before the court charged by Inspector Lindsay with public gambling in Gilman's Bazaar on the 30th ult.

Acting on the communication of an informer Inspector Lindsay took a party of police to the house named and there seized the prisoners just

as they were rushing off from some of senten. Money to the extent of \$4,66 was picked up in silver and copper, besides the usual gambling implements. There were several other gamblers who succeeded in effecting their escape by the back of the house.

The informer pointed out the third and seventh defendants as the masters of the game, and the eighth as the treasurer.

The eighth defendant and eighth defendants were fined \$50 each, and in default of payment they were to go for three months. The other two took a month in goal in preference to paying a fine of \$10 so that the informer got nothing out of the fines.

COMPLAINANT ABSENT.

Hugh O'Neill, seaman, claiming Scotland as his native place, was held whilst awaiting trial, with several of his officers to recover one of the guns a Hochkiss, which it appears had been deserted by the soldiers. The attempt succeeded, but unhappily cost the gallant officer his life. Commandant Rivière was like a true hero, the last to stir up the retreat, and fell like a gallant soldier.

The whole affair has been a very serious disaster, more especially because it has been a blow to French prestige which it will require several victories to efface. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the French officers have covered themselves with glory; they fought like men, and fell like heroes. They could do no more. About their conduct there is but one opinion here.

It seems that several wounded French soldiers fell alive into the hands of the Black Flag band, and what fate must have been in store for them following the too true story.

Three days before the engagement just recorded, the French Mission just outside Hanoi was attacked at nine o'clock in the evening by a force of a company. The Missionaries, aided by five men-of-war's men, made a beautiful stand and succeeded in repelling the enemy. The latter, to revenge their failure, then attacked the houses on the missionary compound surrounding the Mission station itself, and cut off the nose and ears, and pierced the eyes of all the unfortunate Catholic women and children that were left in them. All this happened within twenty minutes' walk of the French Concession at Hanoi.

Hanoi at this date presents a truly deserted and miserable appearance. The district surrounding the Concessions, consisting of European, Chinese, and Annamite houses, has been partly burned down, partly blown up by mines, in order to give full play and room for the guns on board the man-of-war. Of all the inhabitants of Hanoi there are scarcely 2,000 now in town, and it is impossible to get any provisions, even eggs, and fruits being unobtainable.

Reinforcements are seriously and anxiously looked for, and I hope they will soon arrive. I think 20,000 men will be necessary now to effectively occupy the country. It is more folly to send small detachments and thus prolong the struggle indefinitely.

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you take timber?" "Hell jump over your head," was the answer. "I don't know what you call it."

A good story is told by Moore, in his diary, of a man selling a horse, and the world's be- portor inquiring as to his haggling powers, asked, "Will you

EXTRACTS.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.
From stones uncarved, and with unbuilt hands,
The builder, drawing, wrought;
To-day, complete, a vast cathedral stands,
The offspring of his thought.
Each flower of stone first blossomed in his brain;
His soul, prophetic, saw the finished form,
And heard the echoing shores.
Greatly he planned, and moulded into dust;
Forgotten is his name;
But six long centuries fulfil his trust,
And consecrate his fame.
We build our ideals, one and all;
We build, and pass away;
Whether the airy fabric stand or fall,
We have no power to say.
We saw the seed that other men may reap,
Who know not we our curse;
We scheme and plan; then, tired, fall asleep;
The Future has the flower.

Perchance our dreams may in some way of day
Be fruitful—who can tell?

And one of us, of him, shall say—
"These builders builded well!"

F. W. CLARKE.

CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

ME. W. B. TEGETMEIER AT FINCHLEY.
Source raised against old men who showed
no other proofs of having lived a long time,
but their mere age; but what would he
have said of the man who lived sixty-six
years of busy life in the busiest capital of
the modern world, and showed no signs of
age at all? It is true the man in question
is bald, and the hair upon his cheeks and
chin is streaked with gray. What of that? Are
they not men bald at thirty, and is not
the gravest beard in Christendom at the
mercy of any irascible barber with a ready
razor? Mr. Tegetmeier is a good specimen
of the "grand old man" species. Hard work
only makes him more active, and long life
serves only to increase his youthfulness.
He thinks nothing of rising at daybreak,
and, after a spell of literary work, setting
out on his tricycle. "He will ride forty or
fifty miles into the country, decide the com-
parative merits of a number of pigeons or
poultry; then return to town on his iron
steed, arriving in time for dinner as fresh
as lively, and as ready for an evening's
amusement as the youngest man at the
table. Some people grow prematurely old,
while others seem to preserve perpetual
youth. It is merely the result of the mind
ruling the body. Keep this mind young,
and the body will rarely grow old. Here we
find a man who has never forgotten his boy-
hood, and yet has succeeded in keeping
abreast of the times. Such a one can never
degenerate into an old fogy; his spirits
remain buoyant; his step is still elastic, and
he is as keen as ever on the pleasures of life.
Mr. Tegetmeier is one of those who always
take kindly to young men; he seems to find
relaxation in their companionship, and he
apparently extracts more enjoyment from
the gossip of Bohemian club-rooms than
from the discussions of fossilized old mem-
bers of learned societies to which he belongs.
He is an old "Savage," one of the original
members, in fact one of the first secretaries,
and it speaks much for the remarkable man-
ner in which he has kept himself in harmony
with advancing times that he is extremely
popular with the young men of the club.

The versatility of his mind cannot be
better illustrated than by one of the books
in his library. It is a copy of the original
edition of *La Memoria*, the pages of which
are adorned by the autographs of his past
and present friends. There we find the
signatures of Faraday, Huxley, and Newton.
The author of the *Origin of Species* made
his single pun when, at the request of the
owner, he signed "C. Darwin" under the first
verse of canto iv, which reads:

"So careful of the type? But no!
From warped and stunted stems are stoned;
She cries, 'A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing—all shall go!'

George Cruikshank contributed almost a whole
page with his name and flourish; on another
page we have the names of the five Broughs—
Robert, the elder and youngest; William,
Liam, and John; Cavendish and Stonewall—
these are here; J. Seymour Haden has
written beneath the line, "sharpened to a
needle's end" in canto lix, John Hollings-
head, George Honey, Jeff Prowse, Tom
Hood, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mary Anne
Kesley, Artemus Ward and a number
of younger men, have signed their names in
this book, which contains numerous sketches
by artists of yesterday and to-day. Here is
a drawing by poor Paul Gray; C. H.
Bennett and Julian Firth illustrated several
verses; and under the final vers of canto
xviii, it is the last drawing, Vandyke ever
did. It is dated 1877, and is an exquisite
portrait of his wife, Harry Furniss had
illustrated the following lines by a clever
silhouette:

"And bled the for the Human Hand,
And bled the Earth with human eye,
And in my thoughts, with once a sigh,
I take the pleasure of thine hand."

Mr. Tegetmeier's name is so intimately
associated with natural history that it is
difficult to fancy him in the capacity of an
art and literary collector. Yet he is well
known as both. Frequenters of Sotheby's
and other salerooms must often have seen
him eagerly bidding for prints and books
whose value could only be appreciated by a
connoisseur. His short thin figure, arrayed
in black, and his animated face surmounted by
a black clerical wide-waist, must be familiar
at many gatherings, beside pigeon and
poultry shows. He was born in 1816. His
father was at one time a surgeon in the
Royal Navy, and afterwards (in partnership
with Brand) was apothecary to King George
III and Queen Charlotte. It was with the
famous carriage-writer of Tegetmeier's *Life*
that her Majesty used to refresh herself at
the Drawing-rooms and on State occasions.
The subject of our article was educated for
the medical profession, and practised for
some time; but he was tempted to desert
medicine for the more floriferous but less
fruitful pursuits of science and literature.
Among his fellow-students in Professor
Lindley's Botanical Class at University
College were Sir William Jenner, the Royal
Carpenter, and the late Secretary of the Royal
Society; and Dr. Lankester. All competed
for prizes; and at one examination Te-
getmeier was awarded the gold medal, and
Lankester the silver. At the examination,
open to all students of England, for prizes
awarded by the Apothecaries' Society, Jenner
obtained the gold medal, and Tegetmeier
came off with second honours. During his
medical career, he was a clinical clerk to Dr.
Elliotson, at the time that mesmerism was
extensively practised by that physician in
the University College Hospital. When
living in Bayard-street, St. James's, he became
acquainted with Yarrell, then a news-vendor
in the same street, but afterwards President
of the Linnean Society, and one of the most
distinguished naturalists of modern times.
It was Yarrell who introduced him to
Darwin at a pigeon show, by saying, "O
Darwin, here is Tegetmeier, who can give
you the information you want about
pigeons. This introduction led to a friend-
ship which lasted until Darwin's death.
The morning after they thus met Darwin
went down to Tegetmeier's cottage, and
brought away a box full of skulls and speci-
mens, many of which have since been en-
graved in his great work *On Variations*.
He was delighted to find any one who had
devoted attention to the subject of variations
considered scientifically, and Darwin's in-

debtiveness to Tegetmeier is indicated in a
column of references after the latter's name
in the above-mentioned book. Before that
time the subject had been almost totally
neglected. Mr. Tegetmeier relates that he
once asked Dr. Gray, the head of the Scien-
tific Department, at the British Museum,
how it was that men of science paid no
attention to varieties, they being as real as
species; whereupon the Doctor replied, "The
reasons, my dear sir, nobody knows anything
about the subject." In all Darwin's books,
especially in *Animals and Plants under Dom-
estication*, Mr. Tegetmeier's name is frequently
mentioned. Some of the discoveries are partic-
ularly credited to Darwin, the author of *The
Descent of Man*, in his writings, attributes to
Mr. Tegetmeier; for instance, he was the first
man to build single cylindrical cells, and
in chapter eight of *The Origin of Species*
the new Associate hangs beside the latter's name
door; near it is a head of Mr. Tegetmeier
himself, etched by Herkomer; also the por-
trait of his daughter by Herbert Johnson.
Seymour Haden is numerously represented.
Among the ornaments are some curious
Spanish plates and two rare Dutch pots of
green ware recently discovered in the neigh-
bourhood of Bottenham. In his study,
where there is barely room to sit down, so
great is the collection of miscellaneous books
and papers, are several natural history speci-
mens. In an old baubox, hidden away
in a corner, is a collection of chilico bones,
which Mr. Tegetmeier explains, as he pro-
duces the box from beneath a pile of papers,
have been kept to illustrate the quantity of
meat carried on the breasts of various breeds
of birds—for the production and rearing
of useful table-pontry he has given many
years of study. He no longer exhibits it, so
among the few fowls he still keeps are some
prize birds. He has given up keeping
turkeys, and his stock of pigeons, once
about two hundred in number, has been re-
duced to thirty. These are all of the class
called 'hollers.' With these birds he or-
ganised for the Trinity House Brethren,
with much unremunerated trouble, a system
of communication between light-ship and
the coast, and the same plan is now adopted
by the herring-fishers at sea to send home
the ridings of their hauls. The flights of
men from London to Brussels and back,
carried out by Mr. Tegetmeier eight
or ten years ago, attracted considerable at-
tention, and were the first demonstration
in the country of the remarkable power
of these birds.

The first volume of the *Savage Old Paper*
contains a most amusing account of Mr.
Tegetmeier's "First Pigeon Race," while in
Colman's Magazine for January 1863 ap-
peared a most remarkable account of a contest
fourth—an old favorite—he had already
observed in the house. These dogs are the
guardians of the fowls. Beneath one of the
apple-trees, which invariably bear full
various collars, inscribed with historical bees.
It will be remembered how, in June 1851,
a considerable establishment was caused by a
swarm of bees appearing in Wellington
Street, Strand, and besieging the stage-door
of the Gailey Theatre. Mr. Robert Souter,
the stage-manager, at once rushed to the
Field office for Mr. Tegetmeier, who came
around with a cheese-box, a table-cloth, and
a small basket, obtained from the Gailey
Restaurant, and captured the swarms. These
Strand bees are now comfortably located at
Finchley.

Behind the orchard is a wood which ex-
tends for several miles. It is enclosed against
the public, and here his poultry can ramble
as will. Here on summer evenings our
naturalist can ramble and study Nature in all
her natural profusion. There can hardly
be a more valuable collection of
Bohemian literature, not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every way merited its sub-title. In its pages
are to be found contributions from the most
famous pens of the time—a quarrel of a
century ago—and through the medium Lewis
Carroll and other of the best writers of the
present day were first introduced to the
public. The most valuable of Mr. Tegetmeier's
books, however, is not the least interesting
of which is a complete set of *The Thesis*,
a first-class magazine, a serial which in
every